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
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
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Vox Collegii.

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Literary.

BIRD STUDY.

The existence of a wide-spread awakening of interest in the subject of nature study must be apparent to any one who is at all familiar with the trend of the popular thought of the day.

In this connection the study of birds and their ways and habits is receiving a good deal of attention, and there are many good reasons why this should be so. The great practical value of birds to us has in the past been far too little understood and appreciated, but it is now beginning to be more generally recognized, and the governments of our own and many other countries have taken steps to encourage and protect them. The practical value of birds is, however, not the only, nor indeed, the chief reason why they should be studied. It is obvious that the man who, when you talk of birds will say, "Well, what good are they anyway?" It is obvious that that man is dead to all love of nature, and to that extent unfortunate. Unfortunate, indeed, because without

being unreasonably or foolishly sentimental, there is a sane and wholesome love of nature which is of priceless value to the individual. I am not afraid of exaggerating when I repeat that a love and appreciation of nature is of priceless value to the individual possessing it. This is what is referred to by Bryant when he says (Thanatopsis):

"To him who in the love of nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings, with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware."

And Wordsworth (Tintern Abbey): "Nature never did betray the heart that loved her, for she can so inform the mind that is within us, so impress with quietness and beauty, and so feed with lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues, rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men, nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all the dreary intercourse of daily life, shall e'er prevail against us."

"These are poets and dreamers," some say, "and such thoughts and feelings are quite right and appropriate for them," but such thoughts and feelings should be made a part of the every-day lives of each one of us. This is not sentimental nonsense or poetic rhapsody but sound common sense, and the more we study and love nature in a sane and reasonable way the better it will be for all of us. Of course, we all must live; we cannot ignore the practical idea of life, but in the study of nature there lies a constant and easily available source of interest and recreation which, simple as it may seem, will make life ever so much more worth living. It is probable that there is in nearly everyone a predisposition towards a love of nature, but, through neglect or fancied want of opportunity, it is in many cases to a large extent undeveloped. This is just where the great advan-

tage of Bird Study comes in. Birds are among the most common, conspicuous and easily observed objects in nature, and, on that account, are more easily studied, and in studying them we are led into other avenues of nature study, which will be found pleasant and profitable to pursue.

Possibly as good a bird as any to begin with would be the Bobolink. This bird is a fairly abundant resident of our cultivated fields and meadows during the summer, arriving here early in May and leaving at the end of August. When he arrives here in Spring he is arrayed in a jaunty spring suit of glossy black, white, and buff. He is in full song, and, bubbling over with melody, he pours out the jolliest, rollicking kind of a song that ever a bird uttered. Mrs. Bobolink is a quiet, sedate little person, quite quaker-like in appearance, and it is a most interesting sight to watch the courtship of these little quaker maidens by two or three sprucely dressed dandies. The latter extend their wings to display their plumage, strut about and spring into the air, singing to the very best of their ability. Their song is of such length and contains such numbers of short and variable notes, and is poured forth with such bubbling rapidity that altogether it is a most attractive performance.

Well, after courting days are over Mr. and Mrs. Bobolink commence life by building a home for themselves in some pleasant meadow. Selecting a clump of tall grass they build a simple nest upon the ground, but so carefully concealed that it is extremely difficult to find. In going to the nest the birds alight at some distance from it and, concealed in the grass, approach their home in safety. So, if you inadvertently come too near the nest the female runs for some distance through the grass before appearing, while the male pretends great anxiety over some totally different locality. Between the two of them you are more than likely to miss the nest, which is, of course, precisely what they wish you to do.

By this time, as you may imagine, the cares of life begin to press rather heavily upon this interesting couple, but it must be admitted that Mr. Bobolink apparently lives up to those vows of undying devotion which he, more or less rashly, entered into in the merry month of May. He attends to her most assiduously during the period of incubation, and sometimes even takes a turn at the eggs himself, although this must be more detri-

mental to his masculine dignity than, well, wheeling a baby-carriage is to that of the lords of creation.

And when the young are hatched he looks after them as devotedly as if they were the most beautiful things in the world, which is precisely what no one, not even the most enthusiastic lover of nature, could call them. Now, by the time these youngsters are able to navigate for themselves you may imagine that the jaunty spring suit is a little the worse for wear, and it certainly is. But what difference does that make? It's too hot to dress up now, anyway, and it's not late enough for a fall suit, so, care free and happy, though slightly slipshod in appearance, Mr. and Mrs. Bobolink and all the little Bobolink's join others of their kind to pass away the summer hours roving through fields and meadows and having a quiet easy time. Soon, however, a certain restlessness becomes apparent in these flocks of rovers, and in this part of the country they begin to collect along the shores of the lake. The old ones know they have a long and perilous journey to perform, and possibly the younger ones instinctively have the same feeling. The males have by this time exchanged their black and white dress for one very similar to that of the females and young. In this dress they are known in Carolina and other States through which they pass as reed-birds or rice-birds, from their habit of resorting to the marshes to feed upon rice. They pass on southwards through the Gulf States and cross into Cuba, where they are known as chambergo. From Cuba they continue south to Jamaica, where they are known as butter-birds on account of their extreme fatness.

From Jamaica they go either to Central America or by one continuous flight of four hundred miles across the Caribbean Sea they reach the north coast of South America. By either route they eventually reach Brazil and winter south of the Amazon, having accomplished a journey of four thousand miles from the pleasant meadows where they made their summer homes. Is not this a remarkable performance for such an apparently insignificant little bird as this small bobolink? Think when next you see him what an accomplished traveller he is and how much he could tell if he would.

This whole question of bird migration is a very interesting one. There is really very little definitely known about it, and it offers an attractive field for

study. An even more remarkable case is that of the curlew, which passes us in the spring on its way from its winter home in Patagonia to its nesting grounds within the arctic circle.

Another very interesting feature of bird study is the art of decoying. Many birds, especially those which nest upon the ground, like the meadow-lark, sandpiper, partridge, whip-poor-will and others, will attempt to decoy away from the nest any enemy who approaches too near. If, for instance, you happen near the nest of a brooding partridge the bird will suddenly appear immediately in front of you and endeavor to attract your attention by fluttering and struggling upon the ground in a most remarkable way. Its movements resemble somewhat those of a chicken which has been relieved of its head. If you endeavour to catch this partridge it struggles a little farther on, apparently barely able to escape. If this is repeated several times, and the bird has succeeded in leading you to some distance from the nest, it at last flies away rapidly and disappears, returning to its nest from some totally different direction. To watch birds in the act of decoying almost suggests that they possess the power of reasoning, and if this complex act is performed instinctively, as it probably is, it goes to show how keen and constant must be the struggle for existence which developed the instinct.

It is impossible within the limits of this paper to deal at all adequately with the subject of "Bird Study," but for that matter it would be impossible in a paper of any length, for it should be remembered that studying about birds is not the same thing as studying birds. If one would find the real value and interest of the subject one must study birds as living things in their own homes and natural surroundings. Learn to look for them in our trees and lawns and about our homes as well as in the woods and fields. During the months of April and May a wave of birds passes over this country going towards the north, and among these are many whose great beauty of plumage, power of song, or interesting habits make them well worth studying, and after these transient visitors leave us there are still many which will repay study.

Ruskin says: "All other efforts at education are futile until you have taught your pupils to love the fields, birds and flowers," and even the obtruse philosopher, Spencer, admits the general truth of this statement of Ruskin's. Certain it is at all events, that the study of nature might be made one of the most potent influences for happiness in our lives. We have only to open our eyes to see, our ears to hear, and our hearts to appreciate and we are admitted to a world of wonder and beauty of whose existence even, we may before have been ignorant.

W. A. DENT.

THE IMMORTAL LOVERS.

Among the "Great Passions of History" the story of Abelard and Heloise must always stand in the forefront, whether we consider the greatness of their genius, the intensity of their affections, or the tragedy of their lives.

Abelard was the greatest genius, the profoundest thinker, the keenest logician of the age. As a teacher of youth, his popularity was unbounded. The story of the thousands that followed him into the wilderness, building themselves huts, and living upon the coarsest fare, that they might hang upon his words and share his fortunes, reads like romance rather than sober history.

Heloise was as noteworthy a woman as Abelard was a man. "She was of extraordinary beauty, precocious and brilliant, but the qualities of a great soul shone above the radiance of her wit." She had an expansive brow, a deep, blue eye, teeth strong and regular, a long and flexible neck, sloping and graceful shoulders, over which fell ample and golden locks, while the attitude, the complexion, the blush, the thrilling accent and the gracious smile, languor and passion depicted on a face both pale and animated, reduced the imagination and commanded homage."

Great in intellect and in personal charm, this peerless but unfortunate couple were great in love and calamity.

Peter Abelard was born near the close of the eleventh century; his childhood home was an ancient castle at Pallet, in Brittany. He was the eldest son of a Breton nobleman, who had abandoned his inheritance and birthright for the fascination of literature and philosophy. According to the strange customs of the times, like other youths inspired with a thirst for knowledge, he left home and sallied forth in the quest of learning. Five or six years were spent in this wandering life. Finally he turned his steps to Paris and became a pupil in the celebrated Episcopal school of the Church of Notre Dame.

Abelard was then only twenty years of age, "a bright and daring youth, conscious of his powers and burning with ambition," he soon began to argue with his teacher. Abelard held different views from those of his instructor, who, however, admired his power of argument. Admiration upon the part of his teacher soon gave way to jealousy,

(Continued on page 11).

WHAT THE "LITTLE GIRLS" ARE DOING.

The Cathrine Gauden Guild was named for the little daughter of one of our Canadian missionaries whose field of work is in the far north of our own land among the Esquimos. Last year Mrs. Gauden and her children visited the College, and we all, especially the "little girls," became very much interested in her work and very fond of her two little girls. So it was decided to name this little guild for one of them, and the work is to help them and their mother in every possible way. They are making a quilt now, and will send it with a box of useful articles as soon as they can be collected.

The society meets once a week, and seem very enthusiastic in their work. The officers are: Hon. President, Mrs. Hare; Hon. Sec.-Treasurer, Miss Ethel Beatty; President, Miss D. Campazzi; Sec.-Treas., Miss E. Simonds. It is a very select society, the only other members being Miss H. Campazzi, Miss Eva Lawrence and Miss Brooks. Misses Evelyn Beatty, McAmmond, Silcox and Badgley are assistants, but they merely make suggestions. The "little girls," as they are called, are doing the work themselves, and will soon show that they can make the best of their time.

In addition to the work at the weekly meeting each member has started some work to be done at odd times, and will call upon the rest of the school to assist by giving orders for the different useful and well-made articles they turn out. Everyone should do all she can to help this cause, as it is worthy and seems to appeal to us more, being nearer home both in object and in workers.

On Saturday, Feb. 21st, the Misses Campazzi and Miss Eva Lawrence gave the society an "At Home," which was a wonderful success, and would have been a credit to much older and more experienced hostesses. Miss Helen Campazzi served very dainty refreshments, and Miss Desiree Campazzi received. Miss Lawrence's room was specially decorated with colored lights and inviting seats, and everything passed off smoothly and well.

THE CONVERSAT.

The College girls could wish the guests nothing better than as good a time as they had themselves at the recent conversat. No one has been heard to say anything but what was most favourable about it.

The only fault is, it was too short and they come too seldom.

We are indebted to the Victoria University Glee Club for two very well rendered and interesting numbers. They did much to make the evening a success, and as this is not the first conversat when they have lent their willing assistance we owe them a double vote of thanks. The Varsity quartette was applauded as usual. We are always sure to hear fine vocal music as well as an interesting selection when they appear. The four voices seem formed to accord. Everyone enjoyed their singing greatly, and was sorry they had not been asked for more than one number. They may be sure of another request for next year, and we hope they'll accept it. Mr. Clarke always pleases his hearers. The selections he gave were particularly enjoyed, and the concert hall was full while he sang. He, too, may expect to be asked to sing again.

The rooms were tastefully decorated, and, owing to the absence of furniture in the centre of the drawing-rooms, made promenading more enjoyable than ever before. The plan on the back of the cards was a wonderful help, and, we hope, will be in future considered indispensable. We owe the directors and the faculty many thanks for the thoughtfulness they showed for our complete enjoyment of this event. It has been pronounced by those of longest experience to be the best conversat ever yet held in the O.L.C. All we can say is that we hope they'll always be as enjoyable as this was in the future.

NOTES.

Mr. Walks, B.A., of the Collegiate Institute staff, gave us a most interesting and instructive lecture on Friday evening, January 30th. He spoke on the "Life and Works of Scott," and his remarks showed how thoroughly conversant he was with his subject. All present were deeply interested, and now, knowing better the life and characteristics of the great author, we shall read his books with a better understanding and a greater profit. It would be helpful to us all if more of the spare time we have for reading were devoted to the biographies of great men and women. The Literary Society are to be congratulated and thanked for having secured Mr. Walks' service for the evening, and for having given us such a treat.

On Thursday, Jan. 8th, 1903, Miss Violet Wilson,

formerly a student of the O.L.C., and Frank Hare, the son of our esteemed principal, were married at the home of the bride's father, Dr. A. Wilson, of Fenlon Falls, by Dr. Hare, assisted by Rev. Mr. Garbott. The bride was attired in white silk crepe de chine, and carried lillies-of-the-valley. Her sister Lillian was bride's maid, and her sister Nora also assisted, while Mr. Howden, of the Western Bank, Whitby, supported the groom. Mr. and Mrs. Hare left on the evening train for eastern points, and are now residing in Ottawa, where Mr. Hare is employed by the government in the department of agriculture.

THE DIOCESE OF CHICAGO, CHRIST CHURCH,
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In April, 1899, a call was extended to the Rev. George William Farrar, rector of St. Mary's parish, Salamanca, N.Y., which was accepted, and he continues to serve in that office. Mr. Farrar is a most acceptable preacher, and a sincere and earnest parish worker. Since coming to Ottawa he married Miss Georgia Gilman, of Ottawa, who proves an ideal rector's wife. During the last two or three years there has been a marked increase in the attendance, both of the Sunday school and at the ordinary services. Rev. Mr. Farrar's faithful work, along with his social prominence in the community, appears to be adding materially to the constituency of the parish. It is whispered that in this matter, the accomplished and deservedly popular wife of the rector should be awarded large credit. She is also a faithful and zealous worker in the Sunday school and in other activities of the parish. It would appear that nothing is now needed in order to place Christ Church, Ottawa, in the front rank of parishes in our small cities, but to avoid in the future that which has been the bane of the church in the past—frequent changes in the pastorate.

The disappearance of the bell was a great mystery, and although it really upset things generally and made more work for some of us keeping track of time and classes, we all enjoyed the excitement, which did not last long enough to be tiresome.

Any who were disposed to jeer at Monsieur La Grippe have changed their minds in the last few weeks, and now murmur his name, if not reverently, at least with awe. It is not whether one can get permission to go or do anything these days that is the condition, but whether they escape the grippe.

A very enjoyable "At Home" was given by the

members of the Q.B.C. on Jan. 31st. Misses Murdoff, Pritchard, Telfer, O. Freeman and Vermilyea, received, and Misses Trorey, L. Campbell and Smith served very dainty refreshments. The room (16 Lower Francis) was very tastefully decorated and typical of the college girl. The subdued light of red-shaded candles added to the effect. The guests numbered about sixty.

The bear didn't see his shadow on Feb. 2nd around these parts, and the weather is certainly living up to the old maxim.

It has been a custom to have only five numbers of the "Vox" after Christmas, so we have combined the February with this number and call it the March "Vox."

ROSA BONHEUR.

Rosa Bonheur, the great French animal painter, was born at Bordeaux on March 22nd, 1882. Her father was an artist of ability, and it was from him that she acquired her technique. To study with as little inconvenience as possible she often adopted masculine attire, and visited the abattoirs and similar places, where she could obtain knowledge of animal life.

At the age of nineteen she exhibited two pictures, one representing two rabbits and the other of sheep and goats. These were small, but showed great promise in the young artist.

Eight years later she exhibited "Labourage Nivernais," which created a great deal of enthusiasm on account of the spirited manner in which the animal and brute life was represented. This, by a great many judges, is considered her best, although "The Horse Fair" was, perhaps, more popular, but does not show as good work.

Besides these, a large landscape scene called the "Hay-Making Season" brought forth great praise. It is, however, chiefly for her portrayal of animal life in motion that we remember her. Her handling is bold and vigorous, and the prominent characteristic which is marked in all her work is force rather than refinement. Very little is known of her later works, but it is said they lacked many of the qualities which won commendation for her earlier productions. In 1899 Rosa Bonheur died, leaving the world to mourn the loss of its greatest animal painter.

Vox Collegii.

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"VOX COLLEGIUM," WHITBY, ONT.

Editorial.

BY HELEN L. T. BADGLEY.

CARLISLE says: "The situation that has not its duty, its ideal, was never yet occupied by man." Everyone has known someone in a very humble position but who never impressed others as inferior or his occupation as being anything but desirable. Why was this? Because that person idealized the humble sphere in which fate placed him; because he raised the standard of his low calling by showing only its highest and brightest side, and bettered it in every way by expending upon it his own personality. Such people are enviable indeed. It is given to the lowest and most savage human beings to have ideals of some kind, yet we find people around us every day in favorable circumstances who, because fate has not placed them immediately at the bottom of the hill which is crowned by their ideal, cease to strive for it or are

content to dream of it. "Dreaming is sweet; doing is harder but sweeter." Only executed intentions count.

ANOTHER mistake people make is repressing their finer sensibilities. They enjoy poetry and nature and the exchange of ideas on soulful subjects with friends, but when the desire arises for any of these they say to themselves: "Not now. I must work now. I am too busy. When I have accomplished my end I will devote my time to the things I love." They forget that a faculty which lies unused becomes crippled. Every time we repress a fine feeling we rob our hearts and souls of the food most needful to them, and narrow our mental and spiritual capacity for the beautiful and the inspiring.

DOES it pay to be popular, and is it a sign of true worth or only of outward attraction? These questions are hard to answer, but all we need to do is to look about us to see that the popular ones are not the very busy ones. Popularity demands something from the object of its choice, and incurs responsibility. One who is very busy has not time to fill its demands, and if chosen as a favorite generally remains one without effort on her part or demonstration from those who admire her, while they turn to another who may be less attractive but has more time and a disposition to use her talents for the enjoyment of others. Seldom, if ever, is a desire or effort for popularity rewarded. It is something indefinable which comes by chance; yet if not held who is to blame but the loser? "To be everyone's friend is to be no one's friend, not even your own." A person who, when he once becomes popular, makes an effort to remain so is generally nothing but popular and seldom becomes great. One thing is certain: success always brings enemies, either through envy or a lack of the breadth of comprehension necessary to appreciate the greatness of the successful one. A man who works simply for his salary or a girl who studies only for a degree or a medal will never find true happiness in success, for their ideal is not idealistic but material, and their aim too selfish to permit of true enjoyment.

TOO many of us allow ourselves to be hindered. There are drones in every sphere of life, and they are stumbling blocks for the more ambitious. "A tremendous waste of time comes by sitting around talking nothings to nobodies." People too weak to press forward themselves, or who, through lack of purpose, have failed, are ever ready to retard us on our way. It is our duty as well as our privilege, as the stronger of mind and purpose to command them to step aside and allow us to proceed unhindered. We can sympathize with Burke, who said: "Applaud us when we run, console us when we fall, cheer us when we recover, but let us pass on—for God's sake—let us pass on!"

Music.

"Ascending, descending and beginning anew the eternal scheme of creation and destruction under the deceitful semblance of new forms—such is the lot of human intelligence! We may say that what we call progress is nothing but a new combination of already existing imperfections."—*S. Marchesi.*

The latter part of the winter term has been one of hard work and studious application with the music students, for the time of examinations looms up like a dark phantom, and if the goal is to be passed successfully in June there must be many an hour of preparation before that auspicious time.

Miss Wright's pupils gave a private recital the third week in February, and the pupils of Prof. Harrison have been preparing for their public recital to be given in the near future.

About twenty of our number—teachers and students included—enjoyed the large musicale given in the Methodist church in Oshawa on Tuesday evening, February 24th. The programme was made more interesting to O. L. C. students because of the names of Mrs. W. A. Hare and Miss Nettie McTaggart under whose tuition some of them strove last year to attain some degree of accomplishment in vocal and instrumental music.

The Musical Club has been rather unfortunate in trying to secure suitable evenings for its meetings, and the last one on record was Feb. 7th. There were a number of interesting vocal and instrumental selections, and a paper read by Miss Edwards proved helpful to all present. The president, Miss Gumprecht, is doing all in her power to make the club a success, and with the willing assistance of the members will, no doubt, accomplish this end.

Oratory.

The picturesque voice is that which causes the imagination of the hearers to create pictures of the things described by the language of the speaker. It is the unnoticed voice, the voice which attracts no attention to itself. The picturesque voice is not an end, but a means, and therefore may be properly called the artistic voice, because it so appeals to the imagination of the hearer as to cause images to arise in his mind. This voice may be called the suggestive voice because it suggests what tone can-

not literally actualize, but that which can be perceived only by the imagination.

The characteristics of this voice are elasticity and shading. The voice may suggest great noise but make none, and in all ways cause the mind of the hearer to listen to sounds it does not really make.

The picturesque voice springs from the desire to make other minds think what it cannot literalize. The state of mind which produces this voice is that of asking the hearer to imagine real things that cannot be presented to the senses.

There is a voice of fact and a voice of power. The voice of fact gives information; the voice of power appeals to the imagination. The artistic voice is the voice of the imagination. One of the offices of this imagination is that of image-making. This power is always highly developed in great artists. Great musical composers first hear the music in their minds, and then make it intelligible to others through the noted page. John B. Gough, a noted orator, declared that sometimes he was unable to distinguish persons whom he saw in the audience from those which his imagination created.

The elocution class gave a very interesting private recital on Wednesday evening, Feb. 18th. The junior class gave "The Pickinickans on Ice," by Dickens, in a very pleasing manner. This interesting part of the evening was followed by three scenes from "Hamlet" by the senior class. The first of this series was "The Domestic Scene," with Miss Beatty as Laertes, Miss Choun as Ophelia, and Miss Richardson as Polonius. The next scene showed Hamlet, Horatio and Marcellus watching for the ghost, which appears in the next scene and reveals to Hamlet the secret of his father's murder. Miss Moysey deserves great credit for her splendid portrayal of Hamlet, and she was ably assisted by Misses Knapp, Beatty and Richardson as Horatio, Marcellus and the ghost respectively.

These little evenings are a great help to both classes, and, judging by the number of those not in the department who seek admittance into these recitals, they are very entertaining as well as profitable.

It is with great regret that we bid farewell to one of our most promising elocution girls. Miss McWatters has been forced to leave us through ill-health, and we feel her loss deeply. She was to have been a graduate this year, and we cannot but feel that she would have done great credit to herself and the college had she been able to finish her course.

Domestic Science.

Such questions as "Can you make cake, now?" "What is the latest in ices?" "Did you really learn how to make puff-paste?" are being asked of the graduates and undergraduates of our schools of Domestic Science, and they show that the general idea is that cookery and nothing but cookery is taught in these institutions. Now, cookery is an art, but to call it domestic science is surely not correct, for many prepare food to whom the word science has very little meaning.

What, then, is domestic science? It is not even the study of one science only, but of many; it is an established knowledge of all that pertains to the home.

We study the animal man, and chemically analyze the different foods to ascertain their constituents, so that we can administer a perfect diet.

Being distinct from other animals, man has to have his food prepared for him, and here we introduce the art above mentioned—that of cookery. By the study of certain sciences such as physics, chemistry, botany of food plants and bacteriology we practice our art with a knowledge of what we are doing; we can give reasons for every step we take in the preparation of a dish, and our art becomes a science.

This, from an educational point of view, is very important, and unless cookery is made a science we cannot take it into account in our programmes of school studies.

Y. W. C. A.

We were delighted to have Miss Little, secretary of the Student Department of the Dominion Association, with us again. Her talk to the executive committee Saturday evening and her earnest address to the Y. W. C. A. meeting Sunday afternoon were very helpful and greatly appreciated.

In her address Miss Little placed before us with such earnestness the great work that had been accomplished by the association since they had been started, the work that was going on now in Toronto with our sisters in shops and factories, and, what was still more effective, the great work that was yet to be done. In this we feel our every interest was awakened. The last thought—the work yet to be

done—Miss Little brought very near to us in remarking how much the good work of one society helped another, how much a society alone could do and how necessary for each member to do her part. With her many new ideas and suggestions for our work along with beautiful references from the Bible, not many of us could fail to see how empty our past life has been in comparison to the noble and Christ-like life now set before us.

To have such an invigorating address from such a true Christian woman we deem a privilege, and we hope Miss Little will be so kind as to visit us oftener in the future.

Sunday, February 8th, was the day set aside for prayer for students all over the world. As the weather was very stormy the girls were prevented from going to church, but while they remained in the school they did not forget their duty for that day. At a quarter to eleven short prayer-meetings were held on nearly every hall, lead either by one of the teachers or one of the older girls. At eleven a number from each hall assembled in the chapel, where Mrs. Hare held a large meeting. In the afternoon there was the usual Y. W. C. A. meeting. Very marked interest was shown at all the meetings, and many very earnest prayers were offered for students both at home and abroad.

The following Sunday, Feb. 15th, we had consecration service and roll call, when the members answered with a verse of Scripture or a few words of personal experience. We were much favoured this Sunday in having with us a number of the ex-pupils, among them Miss Kelly, ex-president of the Y. W. C. A. of last year, who, in her impromptu address, congratulated the president on her success with the society this year, and also mentioned the Alumnae society, of which she, Miss Kelly, is president, and in which all graduates should be particularly interested. At this meeting Misses Seacombe and Boyce sang a duet.

The next Sunday a very interesting paper was written by Miss O'Hara on "Florence Nightingale," and read by Miss Edwards. Along with this "The Surrendered Life," in the *Dominion Tie*, by James McConkey, M.A., was taken up by Misses Perley, Chown and McAmmond. It was a very fine meeting, in which everyone could speak who wished, and give their ideas of the "Surrendered Life." At this meeting Miss Silcox gave a solo.

THE IMMORTAL LOVERS.

(Continued from page 5).

The brilliant youth then turned his master's teachings into ridicule, and returned to Melure, about thirty miles from Paris, and set up a rival school. His success was beyond precedent. His lecture-room was crowded. Students flocked to him from all quarters. He drove William, his former teacher, in defeat and shame from his school, and, returning to Paris, became himself the most popular teacher of the times.

He soon became the idol of Paris. People craned their necks as he passed by. His pupils hung upon his every word with rapture, and filled his pockets with gold. Everywhere they sang his praises. They carried his picture wherever they went, and begged for a lock of his hair or a shred of his garment.

Then came the fatal meeting with Heloise. It was love at first sight, and little wonder. He, the most brilliant and charming of men, she the most fascinating and accomplished of women. What else could have been expected?

Abelard was then about forty years of age, in the flush of his mental and physical powers. Heloise was just budding into the most superb and beautiful womanhood. She lived with her uncle, Fulbert, an ignorant, worldly-wise old canon of the cathedral church of Notre Dame in Paris.

In the character of a private tutor to Heloise, Abelard became an inmate of Fulbert's home, and a member of the little family. Abelard was soon wholly afire with love of the maid. It was not long before there were "more kisses than theses," so Abelard said.

Owing to the false notions held by the Church of Rome, the marriage of a priest was deemed a lasting disgrace. Abelard had high ecclesiastical ambitions to which marriage would have been fatal. But he urged the matter of marriage, which, strange to say, Heloise resisted. His reputation and interest were dearer to her than was her own fair name; she sacrificed herself to his fame; she blinded herself to the greatest mistake a woman could make. The excess of her love made her insensible to the principle of an immutable morality.

When the truth could no longer be concealed Fulbert was furious. Even then, with a strange perversity, Heloise resisted the idea of marriage. However, Abelard prevailed, and they were privately married. Then they parted at the altar, and for the next few months they saw each other rarely and in secret.

Then happened an event that brought on the tragedy and crisis of their lives. Hired ruffians of Fulbert broke one night into Abelard's apartments and inflicted upon him a horrible mutilation. It was then that Abelard, in his shame and despair, forgot the elementary dictates of love or of honor. He insisted on Heloise assuming the vows and life of

a nun; he himself became a monk of St. Denis. Waving aside the thought of her child and the sunlit earth, with sobs and tears she walked quickly up the steps of the altar and assumed the veil of a nun.

Dark and sad were the after lives of each. Over Abelard came a great change. Henceforth we have to deal with a different man. The gay conceit, the proud arrogance was gone forever. He gave himself to mortification and austerities. Too austere for his brother monks, Abelard was forced to leave the aristocratic abbey and resumed his lectures. His success was as great as ever.

His enemies, however, gave him no rest. He was cited to appear before the Council of Loessons. Right nobly did he defend himself, and no error could be proven against him, yet he was compelled to burn his books with his own hands.

He withdrew again to the solitude of the country, and in a bright, restful valley in the heart of Champagne built an oratory in the name of the Most Holy Trinity, and here, with a solitary companion, the weary man took up his abode. There was only one thing that he could do—teach. Pupils soon gathered around him in vast numbers. Hundreds of mud cabins and moss-covered earth-works dotted the once quiet valley.

Abelard was now called from his retreat by the monks of St. Gildas in Bretagne, who elected him their abbot. In his attempt to reform the lives of these wild, wicked and ignorant monks, he soon incurred their bitter displeasure, and in dread and disgust retired and took up his abode near Paraclete, where Heloise and her nuns were at that time settled. The old-time lovers met, and neither time, misfortune nor monastic vows had destroyed their affection for each other. It was at this time that Abelard and Heloise wrote those letters that reveal their inmost lives, and laid bare the whole story of their sin, their sorrow and their love.

Chance brought to the abbey over which Heloise presided a copy of Abelard's "Story of My Calamities," and the faithful wife wrote in reply: "At thy command," she says, "I would change not merely my costume but my very soul, so entirely art thou the sole possessor of my body and my spirit." Abelard's reply was prudent and formal to a degree, but that he had a true affection for her is made clear by the occasional failure of his pious resolutions.

Abelard was soon sailing again in troubled waters. Brief was his period of repose. There must be some sort of revenge. Alas, his evil genius was never far away from him. His most bitter foe, Bernard of Clairvaux, was destined to add the last drop to the cup of misery. The old charge against him of heresy was renewed—the prelates condemned him unheard. He appealed to Rome, but Bernard easily secured his condemnation by the Pope. His case had been decided, and decided against him. It was the last blow. Abelard was broken in body and spirit. He now enjoyed a few months of peace, but it was the peace of the grave. Years afterwards the brothers used to point out to

visitors a great pine tree under which he was accustomed to sit and meditate.

He died in the arms of his friend Peter, who felt that Abelard above and Heloise on earth demanded of him the last consolation of a reunion in the grave. So quietly in the dead of night, dreading scandal, yet true to his impulses, without a hand to assist him or an eye to witness, he exhumed the coffin, which had been buried in the abbey cemetery, and conveyed it himself to the Palaclete and intrusted it to Heloise. She received the sacred trust with tears, and Peter, the aged friend and saint, pronounced the burial services. Heloise survived twenty years a priestess of God and a mourner at the tomb of Abelard. When she felt the approach of death she directed the sister to place her body in the same leaden coffin with that of Abelard. A beautiful and touching legend in the chronicles of the Church of Tours says that the arms of the dead man opened to receive her. Although Abelard and Heloise have been dead for seven hundred years, wreaths and flowers are still kept fresh and green upon their tomb in the grand cemetery of Pere la Chaise at Paris, to which their bodies were removed by Lucien Bonapart.—*Abridged from Jesse S. Gilbert by H. B.*

Personals.

Miss W. Moysey went to Toronto with her sister to regain her strength after a severe attack of the gripe.

Miss Lazelle Aylward left recently for Smith's Infirmary, Staten Island, where she intends to study nursing. She is followed by wishes for success from all old friends at the College.

Miss Jones was in Port Perry a few days.

Miss L. Wilson went home for a short visit.

Miss Elder was in Toronto recently.

Miss Mabel Harrison, a student of 1900-1901, has graduated with honors from the Toronto College of Music.

Miss Margaret Adams, one of last years students, has been ill since Christmas, but we hope to hear of her speedy recovery.

We are glad to have Miss Rowell with us again.

Mrs. Kipp has been visiting her daughter, Mabel, for the past few days.

We regret very much that Miss Scott was compelled to leave college. We extend our heartiest sympathy, and hope for her speedy recovery.

The night of the "Conversat" a number of our students returned to Toronto on the special train, which conveyed guests from Toronto to the college. Among them were Misses Ostrander, Silcox,

Hamilton, Gibson, Moysey, Gallaher, Griffith and German.

On account of ill health Miss McWatters will not be able to complete her graduating course in elocution. Eleanor has the deepest sympathy of all and will be greatly missed.

Miss Webster, a graduate of '02, was the guest of the college for a week.

Miss Murdolf left this month for her home in Trenton. We all miss Ethel.

We are glad to welcome among us Misses Cherry, Shields, Jones and Bowman.

The Misses Nesbitt were delighted by a short visit from Mr. and Mrs. Nesbitt, who were accompanied by a friend, Miss Marrow.

Miss Moment, Toronto, was the guest of her cousin, Julia Moment, over Sunday.

Mrs. Hamilton and Miss Pattison, of Toronto, were the guests of Miss Hamilton, last week.

Miss O'Hara went to Toronto to attend "the reception" given by the graduating class '03 Victoria University.

Miss Badgely paid a short visit to friends in Berlin.

Miss R. Watkin spent Sunday with friends in town.

Miss Whyte had the pleasure of a visit from her niece for a few days.

The following ex-students were guests of the Col- for a few days after the conversat:—Misses Mc- Indoo, Sutherland, Kelly, Abbott, Bickle, Zinken and N. Webster.

Locals.

"Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment."—Shakespeare.

NOTICE.—All those wishing to settle "old scores" will find the local reporters in their rooms between 1 a. m. and 5 a. m. Please remember there is no ambulance in the immediate vicinity of the institution, and that duelling is out of date as well as against the law.

"A soft answer turned away wrath."

One of the "Vox" staff—Say don't you know some good gripe jokes?

Miss E — n B — ty (a new victim, feebly) — It's no joke.

Some one suggested an ode to be written on the

goose-oil and turpentine bottle for this month's paper. It would have to be written on the bottle, surely for the contents, in spite of many replacements, are all gone again.

Cozy corners are usually warm, but Desiree found one quite "Winter"—y during the promenades.

Helen: What do you mean when you use the phrase *yellow rose*, eh?

Ask E——n S——s what an eaves-dropper is.

We are sorry to hear Ivy W—— is engaged, and hope she won't leave us immediately.

Miss C—p—d: Eva, tell Miss McWatters she's wanted. (To Helen) You may keep her company, Helen.

Helen (very innocently)—I think Eva knows the way Miss C——.

Girls, isn't it funny that Margaret can't tell when a promenade is up. Luella says, "Warn-er" if she does it again, I shall not forgive her. Never mind, Margaret was in the chapel, and, no doubt, imagined that she was attending a Y. W. C. A. meeting.

Mr. B. (when leaving)—I did not think the parting would be half so bad.

Miss Metcalf—Miss D. allow me to introduce Mr. Higginbotham.

Isa (sharing the pleasure with her friend)—"Miss M. have you met Mr. Knickerbocker?"

Miss C——d—Miss Winter and Miss Pritchard, remberer you have a special pew in church.

Ada W—Indeed, we won't forget.

Two young gentlemen thought they were very swell walking around the streets of Whitby in dress suits Saturday after the conversat. Result—the loss of two voices as well as other things not to be mentioned.

Mr. V—m—n—Sorry I couldn't give you a better time Miss C——n.

Ada (the flatter)—"O, you're not so bad as lots."

Agnes (to herself after the third promenade)—No "Mar-shall," I promenade, and she was out of sight until the extras.

One of our rising vocalists—"Cast thy bread upon the water."

Voice from within—"Oh! cast it some place where it isn't so wet."

Edith B——e: "Say what time does the *Port*

Perry Flyer go through Whitby.

La grippe seems to have a rather "busy effect" on some of the girls. One of them who was feeling quite badly, when asked to have some desert, said, "Oh, no, thank you; I haven't time."

Ethel P——, having had a letter handed to her, rushed out of the dining-room and called very excitedly, "Oh, Jessie, it's from a b-b-b b-b-oy!"

One of the members of the faculty has the sympathy of all friends because her heart received a Dent at the conversat.

Co.—What do you take to loosen a cold in the chest.

Eva G—— Try a corkscrew.

Tea drinking is approved of by one doctor, anyway—the Ryerson Doctor.

Daisy, don't talk so much that you break the glass when it is being cut.

Eva G.'s latest symptoms of la grippe:

Does yer back ache?

" " head ache?

" " hair fall out?

" " boots cave in?

" " skin peel?

" " eye twitch?

" " hand shake?

Now you've got—it's the grippe.

Mabel K—— (while entertaining some callers)—

"Would you like to see a souvenir I had brought to me from the wreck? It is over on the dresser." Upon examination it was found to be slippery elm which had been sent to her for her cold.

Mr. —— (in the concert hall)—Well, Miss W—k—n, where is your rendezvous?

Miss W—k—n—At the foot of main stairs.

Mr. —— Mine's is at the organ, so, good-bye.

Joke at the conversat.

"I got my last Christmas present the other day," he said.

"What was it?" said she.

"Some bees."

"Why! what for?"

"Because I had the *hives*."

Olive (after breaking the right arm of her rocking chair, endeavoured to fix it)—Oh, fudge!

Helen—Don't bother, just lean on the other arm.

As the Toronto guests were departing on the

night of the conversat, Daisy S—ds and a young gentleman were still lingering in the refreshment room, he looking rather ——

One of the girls (suddenly appearing)—“Excuse me, but the special train is just pulling out.”

He (in a great hurry)—“Oh, *thank* you.

There was a young man named C——k

Who imagined himself in the dark,

And something he did

When he thought himself hid,
Mildly expressed would be *spark*.

Conversazione:—A meeting of a number of people for conversation or discussion, particularly in literary, scientific, antiquarian or artistic subjects. Ha! ha! ha! Did everyone live up to the dictionary!

Jessie H——That's ambiguous.

Grace S——What I said?

J——Oh no, that is quite bigious.

Mr. C——e—Is this our promenade?

Miss —— Yes.

Mr. C——e—You are a particular friend of Miss M——y's, aren't you?

Miss —— Yes.

Mr. C——e—Let's find a quiet corner.

Sign seen on a door on L. F. recently—

“Washing and scrubbing done for 25 cents a day. Call before 6.30 a. m.

Later this was replaced by the following:—

“Gone to bed till Friday—Laundry day.”

And to this sign was attached a black bow. Later some one passed who seemed to understand it, for they called out “Hello Stonie! How's your del-sart-e?”

“Oh, Emily, you looked lovely with that bright color in your face, the flower in your hair, that pretty dress and sitting in the chapel.” Rather doubtful flattery. To say the least far-fetched.

Found—a white gloved hand, the morning after the conversat. Owner may have same by paying suitable reward. Ask Edith for particulars.

Margaret (waiting at her rendezvous):—Girls have you seen any Leaches floating around here?

Young man, from behind:—Pardon me, are you Miss C? I am a Leach.

Was it a “Snid-er” what, that was the cause of

Ivy W—— missing so many promenades?

Don't be alarmed when you see B. C. with a date. It only means before conversat.

Stonie—My heart hurts.

Eva G——th—It must be papa-tation.

Miss B——r (cheering an invalid)—Oh, it isn't so bad now. Only sixteen have it.

Why was Bessie so sleepy the night of the conversat? Instead of promenading with Mr. B——, she took a “Knappe.”

Mr. H—— It keeps me busy to-night admiring American beauties.

“'Tis the last rose of the conversat

Left fading alone,

All the others he sent me

Are stolen and gone.

Sorry Mr. V. did not have a better time as he left before the programme was over.

One of the boys went down very often for refreshments. Rumor said that it might have been Mr. Hog (g).

Edith, giving Petty a vigorous jerk—Miss S., have you met Mr. *Birdwas*?

Is your grippe checked yet?

Behold! a man is approaching! No. He's approaching the other way.

I'll toe in if I get tired.

Oh, *don't*; you'll trip.

Time, after “lights out.”

First girl: S-i-h! Don't eat so loudly. I hear footsteps approaching.

Second girl: No. It's a bicycle.

How can you tell?

Sounds *tired*.

Exchanges.

We wish to acknowledge the receipt of the following magazines for exchanges:—McGill Outlook, Queen's University Journal, Vox Wesleyana, McMaster's University Monthly, The Argosy, University of Ottawa Review, Trinity University Review, Sons of England Record, Monthly Maroon, The Herald of the Golden Age, and Ontario Agricultural College Review.

The Queen's University Review of February 6th contains a most interesting article on the use of the short story in the college paper. The same

issue devotes a column of its editorials to the harm caused by Greek-letter societies in our colleges. It begins by congratulating its own university in "so far having escaped the affliction of them," and goes on to describe the demoralizing influence of such societies. In closing, it says that "the only aristocracy that is tolerable in college, or out of it, is the aristocracy of the mind and character, and even this should not be an organized aristocracy."

The following are a few good rules for killing a college paper suggested by the *Daily Nelraskan*:

1. Do not subscribe. Borrow your neighbor's paper. Be a sponge.
2. Look up the advertisers and trade with the other fellows. Be a chump.
3. Never hand in a news item, and criticize every-

thing in the paper. Be a cuxcomb.

4. If you are a member of the staff play pool (?) or tenpins (?) when you ought to be tending to your business. Be a shirk.

5. Tell your neighbor that you pay two much for the paper. Be a squeeze.

6. If you can't get a hump on your anatomy and help make the paper a success, be a corpse.

The night has a thousand eyes,

And the day but one;

Yet the light of the bright world dies

With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes

And the heart but one;

Yet the light of a whole life dies

When love is done.

Francis W. Bourdillion in the Ladies' Magazine.

Music For The Holidays:

SONGS.	PIANO SOLOS.	DANCES.
(Sacred.)		(Two-Steps.)
Hope of The Ages—Liddle - 75	Humming Birds—Ferber - 60	The New Century—Brooke - 50
All Voices.	Valse characteristic.	Our Nation's Guard " - 50
The Pilgrim's Rest—Chase - 60	Revery, op 31—Lang - 60	Commonwealth—Hall - 50
High Voice.	A Spring Idyl, op. 33—Lang 50	San Toy—Jones - 50
The Messiah—Foerster - 60	Sous les Saules—Thome - 50	David Harum—Furst - 50
All Voices.	Une fete a Madrid " - 60	Foxy Quiller—DeKoven - 50
The Perfect Way—Marzo - 75	a Fontainebleau -- Nevin - 50	
High and low voices,	In Dreamland " - 75	(Waltzes.)
The Good Samaritan—	Napoli " - 75	Princess Chick—Edwards - 75
Chadwick - 75	At Home " - 75	Sunshine of Love—Rose - 60
High and low voices,	Sweet Message—Aletter - 50	Gipsy Queen " - 60
(Secular)	Loning " - 50	Belle of Bohemia—Englander 50
The Grave Digger—Walker - 75	La Fontaine " - 75	Foxy Quiller—DeKoven - 75
Bass voice.	Rococo Gavotte " - 60	Beautiful Roses—Werner - 60
Night and the Violets—	Serenade Rococo—Mev- er Helmund - 50	Rose of Persia—Kiefert - 75
Carmichael - 60	Valse Episode " - 60	San Toy—Jones - 75
High and low voice.	J'y Pense " - 60	
If I was a Rose—Messelberg 60	Valse Melodie " - 60	(Schottisches)
High and low voice.	Nocturne—Borodine - 50	Wee Lassie—Gomez - 50
Trouble—Behrend - 60	Serenade " - 50	Fortune Teller—Herbert - 50
High and low voice.	Romanzetta—Cui - 50	The Ameer—Herbert - 50
All For You—d'Hardelot - 50	Marionettes espagnoles—Cui 50	Jolly Musketeer—Edwards - 50
High and low voice.	Serenade—Lasson - 50	In the Foyer—Kline - 50
Give—Cowen - 75	Melancolie—Napravnik - 50	
High and low voice.		(Polkas.)
A Dream—M. V. White - 75	LATEST OPERATIC SUCCESSES.	Princess Chic—Edwards - 50
High and low voice.	Foxy Quiller, complete, net \$2.00	
Barque of Dreams—Gray - 75	San Toy " " 2.00	(Lancers.)
High and low voice.	Princess Chick " " 2.00	Princess Chic—Edwards - 50
I Love Thee So—DeKoven - 75	Florodora " " 2.00	Belle of Bohemia—Englander 50
High Voice.	Rose of Persia " " 2.00	Whirl-i-Gig—Meacham - 50
		Foxy Quiller—DeKoven - 50

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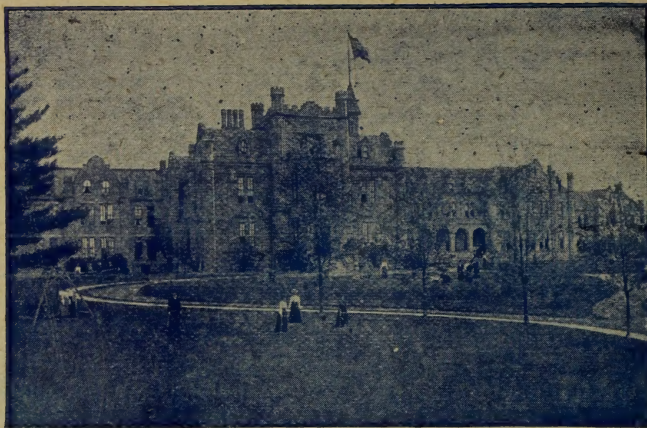
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